

The Frances Shimer Record

Volume 22

Number 1



The Campbell Memorial Library

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

December, 1930

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The Frances Shimer Record

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VOLUME 22

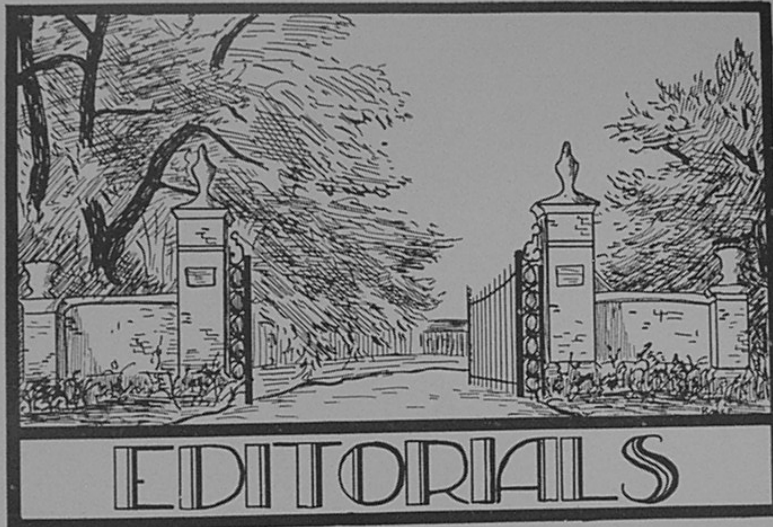
MOUNT CARROLL, ILL., DECEMBER, 1930

NUMBER 1

THE RECORD STAFF

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A NEW BEGINNING

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every hour is the world made new."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is very true that every day is a fresh beginning but there are some days that are especially so. This fall at Shimer we have been starting school under a new administration for the first time in 33 years. "How is everything going?" old friends of the school ask us. So far we have had only favorable reports to give them.

President Wilcox has worked early and late at his complicated task. The system of grading has been changed and soon the curriculum is to undergo revision. At chapel the president has been giving a series of talks on the history of education. He has addressed several Sunday evening meetings and he has given the faculty many instructive talks on the new methods in education. Sawyer House has been open to the faculty and staff on several social occasions. All have been made free to avail them-

selves of its welcome at any time. President and Mrs. Wilcox have shown a most helpful and friendly spirit to all members of the school.

Miss Hostetter, acting as dean, has managed her problems efficiently. Those of us not directly connected with the administrative end have been scarcely conscious that such an end exists. There has been no friction. Meanwhile, a very busy group of girls and teachers have been setting a new standard of excellence in daily work. From now on results will be tested and grades recorded every six weeks. It seems to us that we may feel a justifiable pride in the accomplishments of these autumn weeks.

DURABLE REALITIES

Life, say some, is a game. Life, however, is more than a game; it is filled with hardships and sorrows but to counterbalance these unpleasant phases of life there are many enjoyable realities.

One thing which is of great importance is nature. God has placed all of us here and here we are to live. Never will the wonder of God's universe fail

us. Spring brings the reawakening of life to us and the air is filled with a balm and fragrance which we have lacked during the winter. In summer we have blue skies, rippling waters and the maturing of the crops. Even the smallest plant receives a new beauty when fall changes the summer green to the bright shades of red and yellow. Then in winter the snow brings a hush and silence upon the world. There is great beauty in the dead white hush of winter.

Books also are durable realities. Who of us has not been seated before a warm fire, reading from some age-old classic? How fine it is to have these opportunities! Regardless of what walk of life we are in, where we are or what the circumstances may be, these great masterpieces are at our own command. We have an infinite store of treasures to which we may turn and if we but strive we can reach very high goals. Durable? Yes, our book-friends are realities which we must keep.

Another important reality is friendship. The personal contacts which we make are most important. Love is a thing which we all need and what is more durable than the love given us in our homes by our mothers and fathers? Whose company can equal that of our brothers and sisters? Friends—what do they mean? Friends mean success in every way. A person who can command friends is one who deserves respect. Some one said recently, "But how do we know whether our friends are durable?" "Friends," I said, "I don't believe you understand my use of the term friends, as I meant to use it." Friends mean lasting companionships. A friend is one who remains true and death alone can part real friends. In this age we are accustomed to call mere acquaintances friends.

Then, finally, ideals are durable realities—our lives are based upon our ideals. In our lives dreams play an important part and we all need to formulate high ideals. A dreamer is not necessarily one who lacks ambition but often is one who has a brain which can see beyond the immediate present into the glowing future.

If we observe and enjoy nature, take advantage of the vast literary world before us, have friends and are true to them, and form ideals that are worth while, then we shall respect ourselves. And, what of life? Then life will become the joyful adventure it was intended to be.—Jane Stanley, Academy '31.

WHAT COLLEGE MEANS TO ME

As I read Henry VanDyke's "Not in the Curriculum," I began to wonder what my college life means to me. Does it include only the prescribed courses and schedule of classes and study? I decided it does not. Much more is gotten from a class recitation than the lesson facts. The opinions and ideas of the teacher and classmates bring new thoughts to me. I feel as one of them and can express my opinion on the subject.

Being at the age when things impress me, I gain something from every girl I meet. Each has a personality unlike any other. From these different personalities I absorb some quality, and it goes to

make up my own individuality. Many times I am not conscious of this but my mind records each new thought. I already have formed friendships which will last beyond college days. They are and will be a definite part of my life.

Having never been away from home before, I found myself thrust into strange surroundings, dependent upon myself to find a place here. It has been a test of character to adapt myself to each situation. To live with a girl before unknown, to be considerate of her feelings and not to let mine predominate, I have found to be a supreme test in self-control. From the beginning of the school year I determined to do my share in making our room a place of comfort for both of us. My roommate has cooperated with me and we are the best of friends.

Studies, friendships and adaptation to situations make up my college life. With study I keep my mind active, from friends I learn the value of love and by adaptation to situations I build my own character. Therefore, college life is a versatile benefit to me.—Lucy Anderson, College '32.

CHRISTMAS IN 1930

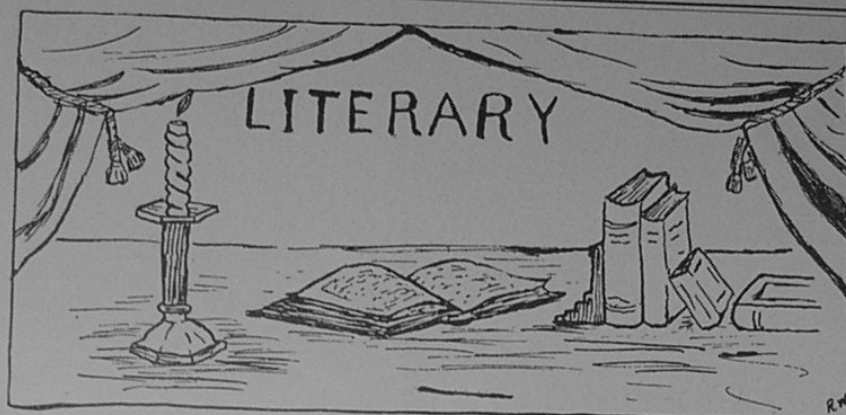
Our religion is not the religion of our ancestors. Much that was fact to them is poetry and symbolism to us. What, then, is left of Christmas? There is left the fact that it celebrates the birth of One who lived here on earth a short life of unselfish love. The practice of the kindly, sensible principles of His life would bring the world the peace and good will it so much needs. Loving our neighbors, as He taught, would cure the loneliness and sorrow of humanity. In this winter of 1930, when fully two million people in our own land are destitute, we need more of the true Christmas spirit, rather than less. In acknowledgment of this fact, the Episcopalian bishop of New York has written a prayer which seems well worth quoting as the most practical prayer to offer for this Christmas of 1930.

A PRAYER

For Those in Need Through Unemployment
Set Forth by the Bishop of New York

O, Almighty God, who hast blessed the earth with all that is needful for the life of man, give Thy help and comfort to all who are in need and especially to those our brethren who now are suffering through unemployment; stir us to do our part for their aid and relief; help us to realize our responsibility for the injustices of our social and industrial life; fill us with the desire to purify our civilization and make it truly Christian that we may be delivered from the evils alike of grinding poverty and of excessive riches; lead us into the paths of simple and upright living; take from us the spirit of covetousness and give us the spirit of service; show us the way so to order our life as a nation that, receiving the just reward of honest labor none may want, but each according to his need may share in Thy bountiful provision.

We ask this in the Name of Him who came into this world to show us the way of justice and brotherhood and love, Thy Son Christ our Lord. Amen.—The Living Church.



ON THE TRENTON ROAD

On Christmas eve, Trenton, New Jersey, lay sleeping under a soft, white blanket of snow. The slumber of many was troubled by thoughts of the strife in which their loved ones were engaged. The deep dark gradually changed to grey dawn and then to the dazzling brilliance of a winter morning. Church bells chimed cheerfully in the frosty air, calling all to worship. People met each other with anxious words of greeting, for it was rumored that Washington and his force might attempt to attack the British who were encamped there.

In a small home on the outskirts of the town, preparations were being made for the celebration of the Yuletide. Mistress Alden basted the turkey browning on a spit, while the grandmother concocted puddings and pies which gave forth delightful, spicy odors. Prudence, the daughter of the home, hung holly wreaths in the windows and decorated a small fir tree with strings of popcorn and a few brightly colored ornaments. The merry whistle of a little boy came through the open window as he chopped wood for the fire which was blazing merrily in the huge fireplace.

At length, dinner was prepared and mother, grandmother, sister and brother took their places at the table to begin the meal. The mother scarcely tasted the food, for her mind was on Thomas, her older son, who might even now be lying cold and hungry, preparing to risk his life in the forthcoming battle. She had planned this meal carefully with the secret thought that he might be able to obtain a furlough for Christmas day and now her hopes had fallen. It was a silent and rather cheerless meal. Even David did not have a great appetite, and it seemed to Mistress Alden as if she carried half the feast back to the buttry.

The day passed and as the shadows lengthened the mother's anxiety grew. It became colder and at eleven o'clock a northeast snow storm began, gradually changing to icy sleet. Mistress Alden prepared the home for the night, securely bolting the doors. After extinguishing the yellow taper, she lay in bed, straining her ears to hear a chance shot. At length, the dread omen came. It seemed hours that she lay there, listening and fearing for the safety of her boy. A knock sounded and hastily flinging a robe about her, she descended the stairs, closely followed by Prue and David.

"Perhaps it is Thomas," cried Prue as she ran to open the door.

A weary, muddy young soldier entered the room and sank weakly into a nearby chair.

"That's not Thomas, Prue. This soldier is wearing a red coat! What shall we do? Shall we keep him prisoner?" queried David in excitement.

"No, no, David," said the mother, with tears in her eyes. "He is just a boy like Thomas. I cannot have him taken prisoner."

"But he fought against Thomas, mother!"

"It is Christmas, son, and this poor boy shall have a share of our Christmas. He is hurt, and after I dress his wounds, take him with you; give him some of Thomas' clothes, for his are ragged and muddy. Prudence, draw a chair to the table."

His wounds having been dressed, the British soldier began to consume ravenously the food which Mistress Alden placed before him. After the meal had been finished, Mistress Alden said, "How do you happen to be here? What of the battle?"

"It is a long story, Mistress. As you know, Colonel Rahl has been encamped in Trenton with a force of Hessians and a few British. We were celebrating Christmas with feasting and drinking, little believing the rumors and warnings we had received of a surprise attack by the Rebels. It was bitter cold and it seemed very improbable that a commander would lead an army across the Delaware on such a night. But your commander, Washington, is a brave man, Mistress Alden. He crossed the icy river, marched upon Trenton and surprised us with an attack. Rahl was in a very drunken state but he realized that we could not attempt to fight the colonists alone, so he sent me for reinforcements. I stealthily made my escape through a secret passage. I was about to mount my horse when I stumbled over the inert body of a Rebel soldier. He moaned and at this sign of life I could not leave him there to die in the terrible cold. I hastily bent over him, dashed water from my canteen on his face and he regained consciousness. He was not badly hurt. Just as I was assisting him to his feet, a shot rang out.

"Hurry! You are being followed. Take this—we may meet again some time," he cried, hastily drawing a ring from his finger and thrusting it into my hand.

"I was closely pursued and was wounded by one of the shots fired. In the darkness I lost my way so I stopped here, vainly hoping that it might be the home of a Tory."

"We are not Tories, but you have done a kind

deed and we will see that you are conducted safely back to your camp. But the ring, may I see it?"

"Certainly, Mistress. Here it is."

"That ring . . . why, it belongs to Thomas! You have saved my boy!"

The next morning, the young British soldier was conducted safely back to his camp, bearing with him the blessing of a mother who, even in the midst of war and strife, had kept the Christmas spirit in her heart—"Peace on earth—good will toward men."

—Anne Jeanette Swanson, College '32.

MARY'S WEEK-END

There was much hustling and much excitement. The taxi came and after receiving her many train letters Mary went to the station, boarded her train and was off for one perfect week-end with her family. As the train sped by, Mary glanced out of the window and noticed the surrounding country, and her eye was especially caught by the blazing sumac overgrown with grape vines of bright yellow.

When Mary reached Chicago, her family was waiting for her, their only daughter who had been away from them for many weeks. When Mary had kissed her mother and father and started out of the station with them, she met Bob. Bob! What a surprise this was! He had said he would see her but even his last "special" had said nothing about his coming to the train. Mary spoke to Bob and then said:

"Of course you won't mind, mother and dad, if I drive out to the club with Bob and go to a tea dance Mrs. Thomas is giving for Marjorie."

Her family did not object, as they were going to spend the evening with her and would then hear all about her friends and school life. At six o'clock Mary came in, again kissed her mother and father and dashed upstairs. Her father watched her take the stairs two at a time and then disappear. Soon he heard Mary singing and the water in the tub running. Twenty minutes later their daughter appeared in her new evening gown. What was all this?

"I'm really sorry, but I must find my wrap and hurry, as Bill is coming for me to go to a party. Marianna is giving a dinner before the opening of Shaw's new play and we are going to dance after. Of course I'll see you all in the morning. . . . Hello, Bill! I'm fine and how are you? . . . Good night, Mother and Dad. Don't worry about me. We will be all right. No, I won't get home too late. Oh, Mother, you don't know how good it is to be home with you again." Saying these things, Mary left and her mother and father ate their dinner alone again.

At twelve o'clock the next morning, Mary climbed out of her bed and slipped into her orchid bathroom. Shortly after, Mary came downstairs. "Good morning. It is so good to be home. Just think, no bed to make and no laundry to get ready today. Yes, I would like some breakfast but . . . no, I can't either; several of the girls are coming to take me for a ride and they will be here in a minute. We are going to ride and then stop and get our dinner."

Her mother's face fell but trying to hide her feelings she said to Mary, "How lovely. I am sure

THE LEAF

A leaf lay facile on the ground,
A faint red touched its stem,
A gentle breeze half turned it round
And left it still again.

The autumn passed and winter came;
It withered in the cold.
Our fates, my dear, will be the same—
Youth goes and leaves us cold.

—Peg Kuhn, College '31.

you will be happy with them, so have a good time, dear."

In this way, Sunday slipped by. On Monday morning, Mary had to do all her shopping. After finding the many things she wanted, she had just enough time to pack her luggage and catch her train.

"It was so pleasant, Mother. I did enjoy seeing you and Dad again. I can hardly wait until I can come back again. I will now go back and turn out my light at 9:30 every night, make my bed and even get up at that unearthly hour of 6:30." So saying, she kissed her mother and made her way into the train. Her week-end was over and here she was speeding back to school.

This girl was the girl who, but one week before as she was lying before a beautiful fire speaking confidentially to one of her dearest friends, had said:

"Never before have I appreciated my family as I do now. Friends may come and go but Mother and Dad will remain true to me regardless of what I might do to disgrace or hurt them."—Jane Stanley, Academy '31.

TO

To you I dedicate my heart,
To you I give my mind and soul,
To you I come and set apart
An atom of creation's whole.

Of love I give you all that's mine
A sacred gift you dare not scorn,
Constant against the marks of time,
As true at death as when 'twas born.

—Peg Kuhn, College '31

THE GAME

Life is a game—you've heard that said before—
A game of chance, a winning, losing game;
The less ill-fated ones try luck for more,
The others lose their fortune and their name.

Life is a game, but in a hundred years
What will this gaming count for at the end?
When joy departs and sorrow dries her tears—
And we before the final Judgment stand?

—Peg Kuhn, College '31

POSSIBLY

Dick was driving aimlessly along the pavement in his roadster. He had not yet decided on his destination. He guessed he really was not going any place—just taking a drive. The day was one of those which almost insist that one do so. As he drove along, Dick began to whistle his favorite tunes.

Suddenly he heard a loud explosion and he saw the car in front of him bob up and down a little and then stop. A blowout, thought Dick. He hoped it was not a woman driving, because then he would have to stop and change the tire, and it was altogether too nice a day for that. However, the driver proved to be a woman, or rather a young girl, so Dick stopped his car in front of the other one and walked over to offer his assistance.

"Would you condescend to allow me to change your tire?" he asked gallantly.

A pleasant smile spread slowly over the girl's face. "Possibly," she drawled.

Dick looked up rather quickly. He wondered what she meant by "Possibly." She did not look as though she said it just to be smart. The girl slid easily out of the car and unlocked the tool case and without saying a word handed him the tools one by one. The silence infuriated Dick but he did not attempt to break it. As he stood there taking the tools, he decided that this girl was somewhat charming. She had light golden hair and rather dreamy brown eyes. An odd combination—beautiful, he concluded. When she had given him the tools, she took some apples out of her car and then climbed up on the bank and seated herself in the shade of the bushes. Dick went to work immediately; he was almost angry. A meadow lark lit in the bushes and gave forth his joyful call. "Charming," she commented, intently watching the bird.

"Yes," he said gruffly, looking up at her.

When he had finished, she looked at him appealingly and said, "An apple?" and held out one to him.

He went over and took it and sat down a little ways from her. By the way of conversation, he said pleasantly that he hoped she was not going anywhere and she said that she was merely out driving and remarked that she loved to drive alone. She sat there idly playing with a daisy. Eventually Dick roused himself and announced that he was going to depart. He wondered why he had not done so before. Then she got up and slipped into her car, started the motor and, after looking at Dick a few seconds, she drove off leaving Dick standing there looking rather perplexed.

A week or so later, Dick went to a party at a friend's house. The regular "bunch" was there and everyone did as he pleased. After a while, they took up the rugs in the living room, turned the radio on louder and began dancing. Dick was dancing with Laura when rather suddenly he realized he was staring into two soft brown dreamy eyes. The owner of the eyes was smiling at him ever so slightly and Dick felt rather odd. At the end of that dance he walked over to her and asked if he might have the next one with her. She hesitated a second be-

fore answering and then said, "Possibly." Again Dick wondered what she meant. It was, however, quite evident that she did not mean "No," because when the dance started she slipped into his arms without a protest. Dick made a few comments to her but she remained silent. As far as her talking or being in his way, he might have been dancing by himself, but never before was Dick so conscious of anyone's presence. He laughed at himself; silly to let this girl bother him. At the end of the dance he thanked her and she remarked that she had enjoyed it and then slipped gracefully away, leaving him standing, as she had the time before, looking rather perplexed.

Two or three days later Dick was getting on an elevated and was deciding where to sit when he once more found himself staring into two dreamy brown eyes. He went over to her and asked if he might sit beside her. He hoped she would say something beside "Possibly," but she did not and for some reason or other he rather liked it this time. He talked to her a little and this time she responded almost enthusiastically. Before long their conversation drifted to books. Dick liked books but he had not supposed beautiful girls ever talked about them or at least none but the latest fiction. He sat there, as in a trance, listening intently to everything she said.

Their conversation was interrupted by the sudden crying of a little girl who fell down while trying to walk in the aisle. Dick stooped to pick her up but the girl beside him was quicker. She picked the little girl up and sat her on her lap and talked softly to her until she stopped crying. Dick sat there feeling rather helpless and also agreeably surprised to see how kind and human this girl could be. She looked over at Dick and asked him if he did not think this little girl was simply adorable. He smiled and put a dime in the girl's tiny hand. With that the little girl jumped down and ran to her mother. When she was gone they sat there silently, each thinking rather pleasant thoughts about the other. When the train got to her station, she got up in her usual rather slow way, said "Good-bye, friend," and then got off and the train was on its way again.

About three months later, during which time Dick and this unusual girl had met many times and Dick had come to think that "Possibly" was the most wonderful word in the English language, Dick's roadster was again speeding along the highway. This time he was not alone, for a girl with light golden hair and dreamy brown eyes was sitting very, very close to him. As they were going along, Dick looked down at her and said rather suddenly, "Would you condescend to marry me?"

The girl beside him looked up and smiled more sweetly than he had ever seen her smile before and then drawled, "Possibly!"—Donna Klewer, College '31.

TURTLES AS PETS

Why do not more people have turtles as pets in place of dogs, cats, or even pigs, which G. K. Chesterton suggests as ideal pets?

Perhaps people do not realize the great advantage of having turtles instead of various other animals. Compare them, for instance, with pigs. All of us know how much is required to feed even a very little pig. A small turtle needs only 12 or 14 flies a day. Even the most prejudiced person in the world will realize the difference.

And what could be more beautiful than a little green turtle, with its modernistic markings of yellow or red? Surely in actual beauty they far surpass a fat pig or an angora cat.

Pigs, I think, would be rather difficult to keep if one lived in an apartment. But a turtle! A turtle contentedly will paddle about in a bowl of water all day or will placidly lie on a pillow, as well behaved as any cat.

Dogs, cats and even pigs must be bathed, especially in hot weather, and they do not care for baths and often cause trouble. The bathing worry is completely obliterated if the pet is a turtle. Dogs and cats will occasionally get fleas and pigs are troubled by lice, but turtles are free from all these pests.

Turtles, too, are intelligent animals. In comparison to pigs, I believe that they are far superior. A turtle soon will know and recognize its master. When the master speaks to him, he will raise his head and solemnly blink.

Perhaps someday we will think of turtles as pets in the same way that we think of dogs and cats. Get you a turtle, (I advise the purchase of a small land one and not a mud turtle) and it will be found that all I have said is very true.—Melva M. Mercer, College '32.

THE PUNISHMENT OF JIMMY

Pluto, the king of the underworld, sat sullenly in his ebony throne surrounded by the inky blackness of Hades. It had been a dull day, in fact, unusually dull. Almost everybody that had arrived so far had been so good that there was not one thing to punish him for. Oh, of course, there were some minor cases, such as one little boy that insisted upon torturing grasshoppers and hop-toads and other such jumpy creatures of the animal kingdom. He still is jumping around and being prodded with an invisible pitchfork—slight punishment. And then there was a man who had married more than five times, so now his surroundings are entirely of men. But Pluto was tired of just commonplace things of life; he wanted something different.

Just then a devil came bounding up to announce in wild cries and frantic gestures that another small visitor had arrived.

"Why can't they die at the proper time!" he yelled. "Why must little boys always torment hop-grassers and pop-toads?"

"Silence!" roared Pluto. "Send him in." The devil bounded out and stillness reigned again. Then out of the darkness were heard pitiful sobbings of mingled pain and terror. Pluto peered into the darkness to find the source of the wails and was not long in finding it. Just then a boy of

unusual chubbiness, crying loudly, came bounding into the room but not of his own accord, for he was being pulled by the frantic devil.

"Here he is!" he shouted. "A little cake-eater, jam-faced and cooky-crazy! Now stop crying, food fiend, and listen to the verdict."

The fat boy rubbed his eyes, completely covering his face with tears and jam, and then rubbed his stomach.

"What is your name?" asked Pluto.

"J-J-Jimmy," stammered the boy. "Where am I? I'm hungry. Can't I have something to eat? Do you have any jam? Where's your little boy? I want a cookie, too. What's his name? Why—?"

"Yes, why don't you keep quiet for a while? Now tell me about him, devil."

"Well, you see, sir, this fellow loves to eat. All the time, night and day. He eats muffins and marmalade in the morning, bread and jam and pie for lunch and ice cream and cake at dinner, while he fills in with cookies all the rest of the time. I tell you, sir, I think he's crazy."

"Well, you little gormandizer, is this the truth?" asked Pluto.

"Yes," sighed Jimmy. "I'm hungry all the time. Isn't there anything to eat around here?"

"No!" sternly replied Pluto and the devil sat down and began to talk.

"He ought to be deprived of all food," began Pluto, "rushing the bakery business that way. He'll turn to dough at a few more meals."

"I don't think all food should be taken away from him," commented the devil; "rather, keep it within his sight but—"

"I have it!" exclaimed the King. "Beginning tomorrow, Jimmy will start walking a long corridor at the end of which is a shelf filled with the most luscious pies, cakes, cookies and doughnuts we can produce. Jimmy will walk toward it forever but never reach it. He will be ravishingly hungry but never will taste the good things he sees before him."

"Capital! Wonderful! Marvelous!" cried the devil. "That is the best yet."

The next morning a door was opened for Jimmy and he gasped at what he saw. He began to run down the long hallway that separated him from the feast of good things.

"He won't run long," prophesied Pluto. And they slowly closed the door on the excited runner.—Priscilla LePelley, Academy '33.

A HARMONY

A flower, a tree, a friend,
A pleasant harmony—
Everything will someday end
And you'll be leaving me.

A walk, a night, an hour,
A day I've spent with you—
A note, a ring, a flower;
Now both of us are through.

—Peg Kuhn, College '31

ON ATTEMPTING MY FIRST ENGLISH THEME

My first theme in Frances Shimer—it must be good; one must make a good impression . . .

I really can't think of a thing to write about—poets say that beauty is everywhere; I might write of the golf course I see through my window. How beautiful it is to be sure—flaming, intensely green under the noonday sun; cool, dark shadows on the hill under the apple trees; hazy September sky above . . .

No, one needs a canvas and paints, not a pen. Still the air swishes softly and whispers in the old pines beneath my window. What sights those old trees must have seen as they have peeped during so many years into the windows—secret midnight spreads, surreptitious cramming done after hours behind carefully closed doors and darkened transoms. Planted, no doubt, by Mrs. Shimer herself, those old sentinels have watched many generations of girls come and go.

Except for dishes clinking in the kitchen, everything is breathlessly still. A few scraps of white cloud are tangled up in the branches of my pines. I watched the full moon sail through those branches the other night. How lovely will the young moon look, tripping on her dainty silver slippers through those gnarled old limbs, with a ring of stars for her footlights!

How delighted I was to see red leaves once more. A Hoosier never loses his love of trees and hills, though he has been exiled years in Dakota. How disappointed I was in the Black Hills—I had heard so much of their beauty, had been led to expect a heaven on earth, in fact; but instead of the round, soft hills that I had been raised among and had learned to love—cultivated, sensible, conventional hills—I saw riotous, jagged, young mountains, romping up and down, falling all over one another and sending up uncanny juttings of bare rock in the most fantastic shapes imaginable. Why, in the Bad Lands, I actually saw a pink and white mountain brazenly flaunting its absurd self against the intense blue of the sky.

How can one be expected to write a theme when one has no subject? There are so many topics—and none of them long enough; a few words and everything is said. And in just five minutes I go to science hall for chemistry! Chemistry, on a day like this! Bottles and smells and musty old drawers, when the world is decked in her Indian summer glory!

There goes that bell and the period is over—and nothing done. Tomorrow morning I really must get busy and write that English theme.—Helen Young, College '32.

MOONLIGHT

The path of silver lighted a way
Across the hills and far away;
A bird stirred in a nearby tree,
To see the dusky shadowed lea
While I stood rapt with beauty bound,
As the silver light shone all around.

—Frances St. Sure, Academy '31.

GIRLS IS GIRLS

Jimmy Lathrop walked down the street toward his home, hands thrust deep into the capacious pockets of his trousers. At times he muttered to himself, shaking his downcast head in apparent disgust. As he scuffled through the front door of his home, Jim gave his cap a toss, revealing to the hall mirror a mop of tousled hair.

"She ain't got much taste," he muttered, "talking to that there Shorty Stevens and lookin' at him as if he was a king or something. It's all because he struts around without no cap, showin' off that new pompadour of his."

Jim frowned as he smoothed his own rumpled hair with his hand. Suddenly his face lighted up; a grin spread over his entire countenance.

"Mother, I think I better get a haircut before Marjorie's party tomorrow night. Can I have fifty cents?"

"Why, Jimmy, what's come over you? Certainly you may get your hair cut. What's come over that boy—paying attention to his appearance?"

As he hurried off to the barber shop, he met his great rival, Shorty.

"Hi, Shorty! That's some keen haircut you got there. Gee, I wish I had a pompadour like yours."

"Oh, I know the barber down to the Palace, and he treats me right."

"Which barber is that?" queried Jimmy. "The tall one or the fat one?"

"The tall one at the second chair," Shorty knowingly replied. "He puts brillocomb on my hair and, say, I bought a bottle of it for thirty-five cents. You just rub a little on your hair and comb it and there's your pompadour just as slick. Well, so long, Jim; see you tomorrow."

Jimmy made a bee-line for the Palace barber shop and took his place in the waiting line.

"Next!"

Jimmy jumped up and climbed into the barber chair, looking at himself critically in the mirror.

"Not so bad," he thought. "If Shorty can have a pompadour, I guess I can, too. He won't be so hot when I come around."

Then, turning to the barber confidentially, "Say, fix up my hair just the same as Shorty Stevens' and, listen, I want a bottle of brillocomb, too. Charge it to dad."

A short time later Jimmy viewed a transformed boy in the mirror. "Oh, boy!"—and he walked from the shop, cap in hand, whistling.

Wouldn't Marjorie fall for him tomorrow night? He was to appear slovenly no more, but with shiny hair he was to conquer the world—and Marjorie.

Marjorie, in filmy white organdie, welcomed her guests and to two boys she was a fairy queen. Two hearts thumped and two minds were determined to win the heart of the fairest of the fair.

"You look so nice tonight, Jimmy."

"Thanks, Marj. And, say, save me a dance."

"All right, the fifth."

All was well. Jimmy was treading on air as he took his seat among the laughing, happy group. Then from the hall: "Good evening, Miss Marjorie. I'm pleased, I'm sure. And here are a few flowers; just roses but I'm sure you will like them."

It was the voice of Reginald VanHorn. They entered, Marjorie looking up at him. Her eyes, centered on Reginald's wavy locks, were expressive of perfect bliss.

A little while later Reginald came toward Jimmy and Marj.

"Pardon me, James, but this fifth dance is mine. Come, Miss Marjorie," and Reggie with the queen of the evening whirled to the middle of the floor.

Two boys went two different ways that night; each one disgusted with the world in general and with Reginald VanHorn in particular.

"And to think that she had every dance with him," muttered Jimmy. "Rats, women is funny. They fall for anything pretty—wavy hair and all. Rats!"

And he mussed his smooth shiny pompadour with one sweep of his hand.—Dorothea Schaeffer, College '32.

A TWO-POINT LANDING

"Pardon me, sir, but could you teach me to fly an aeroplane?"

"Well, I don't know," smilingly answered Phil Lance, a tall, good-looking young man, "but I can try." He was one of the instructors at Curtis Field.

The girl who addressed him was a small, dark-haired girl, with sparkling and mischievous eyes. Her name was Nan Evans and she seemed full of vivacity and youth. "When may I take my first lesson?"

"Tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock, if that's all right with you."

The next afternoon Nan appeared at Curtis Field. She was dressed in a green silk dress and high-heel slippers. She walked up to Mr. Lance and said, "I'm all ready."

He looked at her for a moment. "Do you expect to wear that kind of an outfit to go up in?"

"Why, yes. What's wrong with it?"

"Well, it isn't practical, and you would freeze up in the air," he said as he put a large coat around her shoulders and gave her a helmet to put on. "Next time, wear something warm." They walked over to a small orange and blue aeroplane. "This is what you will learn to fly first. It is my favorite plane and I call it The Shooting Star. Get in. We'll go up now. Shall I strap you in? I may do some stunts."

"No, thank you," answered Nan. "I'm not afraid."

On this first flight Phil explained to her the names and uses of the different parts of the machine. Then before he landed he thought he would scare Nan. He did the loop-the-loop, he took long dives. Nan didn't seem to mind at all; in fact, she seemed to be enjoying it very much.

"Oh, how I would like to be able to do that," she said as she jumped out of the plane when it was back on solid ground.

The lessons continued every day for a month but Nan seemed to be making little progress. Sometimes Phil would think to himself, "I don't see how anyone can be so dumb," and sometimes he became rather impatient.

One day Nan didn't show up for her lesson and Phil became quite anxious. He realized then that he was becoming interested in her in some other way than that of teacher. He didn't want Nan to know this, though, so the next few days he became very stern and cross with her. She was quite surprised at the change in him, so she got down to harder work. One day she said to him, "May I take the plane up alone? I feel perfectly sure that I can do it."

Phil wasn't so sure but he said, "When we go up this time, if you make a good takeoff and make a good landing, you may take the plane up by yourself."

Nan's takeoff was fairly good and she didn't make a bad landing, so Phil had to consent. As Phil was giving her some last instructions she walked around on the other side of the plane and leaned over as if she were tying her shoestring. After she got into the plane, Phil felt some misgivings as to whether he should have let her go. As Nan was taking off, one of the wheels fell off. Now, this meant that she would have to make a two-point landing and it was a very difficult thing to do. One had to be an expert pilot to do this. Phil became worried, because he was sure that this would be impossible for her. He became angry with himself for having let her go up alone. He signalled to her, telling her that she had lost a wheel. Nan signalled back and let him know that she understood. She began to land and Phil held his breath. She made a beautiful landing.

Phil walked up to her and angrily said "Do you think I'm stupid? Only expert fliers can do that. I suppose all this time that I've been giving you lessons you've been secretly laughing at me."

"Oh, Phil, please don't be angry," said Nan. "You see, my dad manufactures aeroplanes and I have been able to fly one since I was a little girl. But—well, you see, I wanted you to teach me."—Dorothy Williams, College '32.

DREAMS

She told me of her golden dreams—golden flecked with blue
And touched with rose. It made her eyes shine
Just to talk about them. Far better than she, I knew
Those dreams, for they were once old dreams of mine.

Somewhere long ago I met them. With a happy song
I once talked gaily to the stars and the soft moon-beams.

Oh, I still sigh for beauty, smile wistfully for what
is gone;

But I've grown up now. It is too late for dreams.

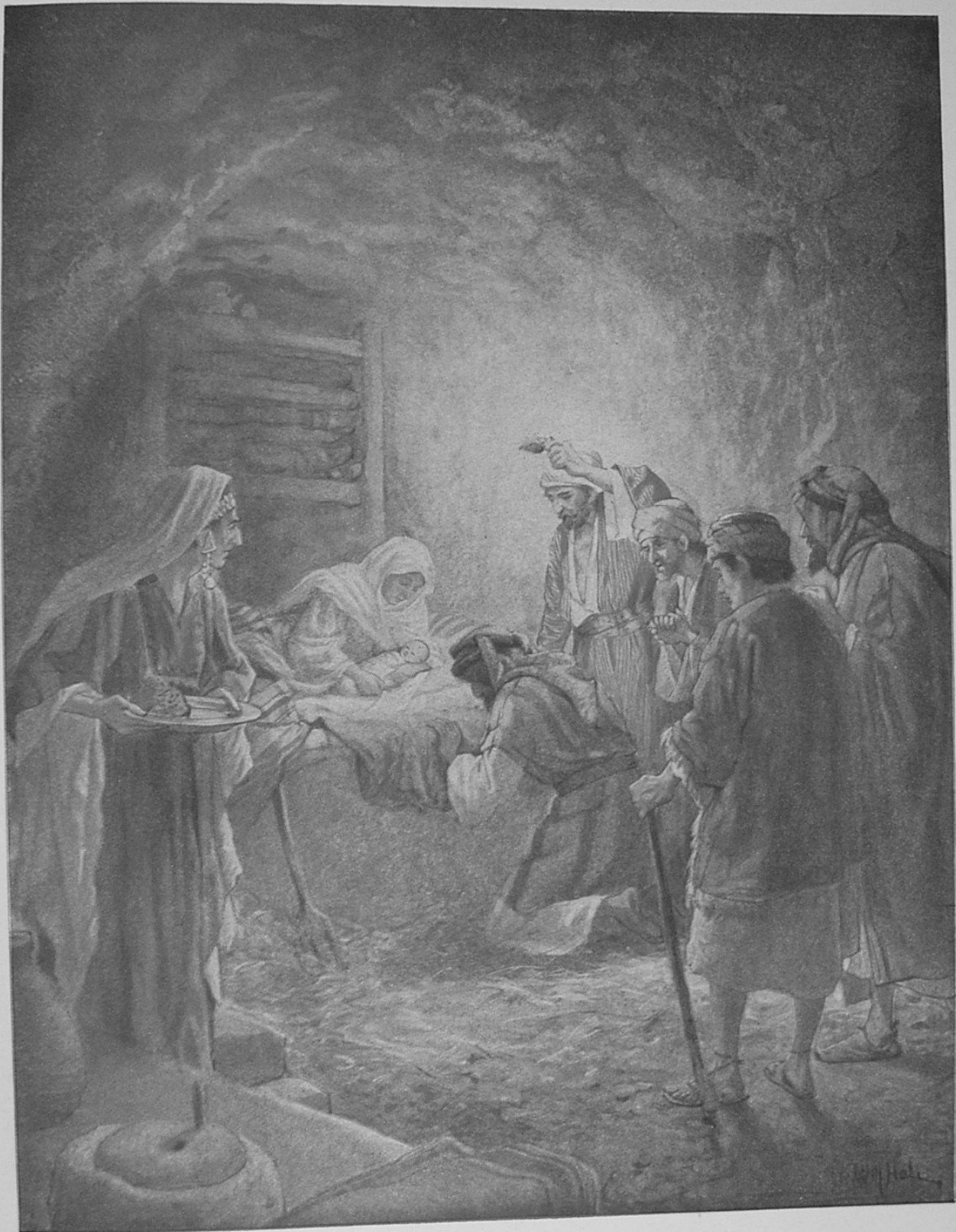
—Marian Overaker, College '31

OCTOBER

Golden flowers—
Bright against the moody
Drizzle of exhausted rain.
Must your tender touch
Soon turn to pelting hate?

—M. S. Allen, Academy '31

Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.—St. Luke 2: 10-11.





FROSH DAY

Studying on the Library Steps

What a day for the Freshmen! To begin with it was a nasty, rainy day and the poor Freshman must "button" on the slippery wet sidewalks to the high and mighty Sophomores. All morning they were kept busy running errands and cleaning rooms. Some even had to clean out dresser drawers and wash hose for their superiors. House-meeting that morning was put in the hands of the Sophomores and the manner in which they disposed of it proved rather embarrassing for some of the Freshmen. In the afternoon, though, the Sophomores showed that they could be nice, and most of them took their Freshmen downtown or to Katie's. It was the duty of each Sophomore to get her Freshman dressed up in preparation for dinner that night. The costumes were unique and original. Just to show that they still loved the Sophomores, the Freshmen gave a spread for them in College Hall. And there stood the poor tired little Freshmen in their flowing night-gowns watching the dear Sophomores eat "clowns."

—L. P.



OPENING DAY

Frances Shimer School opened on Wednesday, September 10. It was a lovely day. The big maple by the library had donned its yellow leaves. The beds of fall flowers were still gayly in blossom. Vases of zinnias and asters decorated the reception rooms which fairly shone from their summer cleaning.

As usual, there were cars coming and going, interested parents and rather anxious new girls. As usual, the old girls and the teachers acted as hostesses to the newcomers. One innovation this year was the opening of the library for registration. This building gave more space than the offices had given in past years.

At two o'clock all assembled in the chapel where our new president opened the school year. President Wilcox spoke briefly, giving a tribute to the 33 years of service of former President and Mrs. McKee and assuring the school of his desire to serve amid surroundings so beautiful. The acting dean, Miss Hostetter, made some announcements and also suggested sending a telegram of greeting to the McKees, who still were in their summer home on Cape Cod. Then the assembly was dismissed and the seventy-eighth year of Frances Shimer School had begun.

WHO'S WHO PARTY

The first social event of the year, the annual "Who's Who Party," was held in the gymnasium on September 13. Each old girl took one or two new girls "under her wing" and introduced them to the members of the faculty, the trustees of Frances Shimer School and the students. Following these introductions the girls gave stunts representing their various states. As many of the girls are from Chicago, this city was portrayed separately by a gang war scene; Iowa was most cleverly represented by a group of girls dressed to look like pigs, snouts and all, who scrambled for ears of corn and finally sang the Iowa "Corn Song." After the stunts, Miss Terry gave a Spanish dance which was very pleasing. Refreshments were served at the close of the program. Everyone agreed that the first social event of the year had been a very pleasant one.

Y. W. PICNIC

The Y. W. C. A. sponsored a picnic on September 20. The girls were divided into groups, each going to a different place where dinners were cooked over open fires. The new girls on this evening were given

an opportunity to see some of the numerous beauty spots of Mt. Carroll—the cliffs by the river, the oak woods by Katy's, the valley of City park. After supper the groups prepared a stunt. The girls then walked back to school by moonlight and gathered in the gymnasium, where each group presented its stunt. Dancing in college hall capped the evening.

A. A. DANCE

On September 27 the Athletic association gave a short program and dance. The program was made up of four numbers and speeches given by the heads of the various sports and the officers of the club. Information was given on how to earn the different awards, which are presented for athletic work. The refreshments consisted of eskimo pies.

CLUB NIGHTS

On the evening of October 4 the various clubs met for the first time this season. This year there are ten clubs. President Wilcox has agreed to sponsor an International Relations club, which meets in Sawyer House. Miss Hostetter has the Art club this year and Miss Fortna a sewing club called the Stitch and Chatter. The other groups are as follows:

Travel, Miss Conway;
Dramatics, Miss Cozine;
Girl Scouts, Miss Emerson;
Out-of-Doors, Misses Terry and Flynn;
Poetry, Miss Pollard;
Latin, Miss Nevius;
Fiction, Misses Skellie and Scanlon.

The second club night came on Saturday night, November 1. The Out-of-Door club hiked to Smith's park immediately after school, where they cooked supper over an open fire. The members of the International club enjoyed a talk on Russia given by Miss Effie Shaw. The Travel club listened to an interesting discussion conducted by Mrs. Wilcox. The Art club met at Miss Hostetter's, where the talented members carved figures out of soap. All of the clubs had some interesting form of entertainment and served refreshments at the close of the evening.

THE SALVI CONCERT

On Friday, October 10, 1930, the Frances Shimer School sponsored its first concert of the year. Alberto Salvi, a harpist, was the outstanding artist on the program. He was assisted by Isador Berger, a violinist, and Olga Dorber, soprano. Mr. Salvi



THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS
OF OUR SCHOOL FAMILY
Dorothy Wilcox, aged five, and
Winifred Wilcox, aged thirteen
months.



proved himself to be an artist. The concerto was the outstanding number. An old favorite especially enjoyed was "Barcarol," which he played as an encore. The concert was greatly appreciated by all and everyone present was pleased to have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Salvi, Miss Dorber and Mr. Berger.

DRAMATICS CLUB DANCE

The Dramatics club members were hostesses at a very enjoyable dance given on October 11. Everyone was dressed in some sort of bowery costume and the gymnasium was decorated appropriately for the occasion. Apples and candy were sold and cider and pretzels were served as refreshments. An orchestra made up of Mt. Carroll boys furnished the music. The talented members of the club performed a short farce, much to the enjoyment of everyone present.

OPEN NIGHT

A Saturday night in which to do as one pleased! Such was the evening of October 18 at Shimer. Various forms of entertainment filled the evening. Some of the students went to the hotel or Katy's for dinner and then to the theater. A few people tried something new in sponsoring a pajama party given in the college hall ball room. From all reports the affair was a great success. Some girls entertained at small bridge parties. Others merely "visited."

THE HALLOWE'EN DANCE

A dance was given at Frances Shimer School Saturday, October 25 by the junior class of the academy. It was given in honor of Hallowe'en and was a costume affair. The dance began with a grand march in which the more or less original costumes were very successfully displayed. The Mt. Carroll orchestra furnished music for the march as well as for the dancing which followed. Two members of the class, Jean Pratt and Barnetta Bas-

seger, sang and danced. Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cookies, were served during the intermission.

"HAY FEVER"

The Green Curtain Dramatics club entertained the student body Saturday night, November 18, by presenting the comedy, "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward. The plot of this play presents many amusing situations. The parts were well suited to the girls who had them. Can't you just see Lorraine Peterson as a dashing young hero and Jean Taylor as a much abused brother? Much credit belongs to Miss Cozine, who drilled the cast to do excellent work in a remarkably short time and who had her stage manager so well trained that they could put on the play while she herself, sat in the audience. Credit belongs also to the various committees and to the Mt. Carroll people who loaned stage furnishings.

The cast of characters is as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Sorel Bliss..... | Doris Hoffman |
| Simon Bliss..... | Jeanne Taylor |
| Clara..... | Elaine Rabinoff |
| Judith Bliss..... | Lucille Hoffman |
| David Bliss..... | Dorothea Schaeffer |
| Sandy Tyrell..... | Lorraine Peterson |
| Myra Arundel..... | Grace Reynolds |
| Richard Greatham..... | Josephine Alford |
| Jackie Coryton..... | Maurine Stingley |

On Saturday night, November 22, Captain Dennis Rooke gave an exceedingly interesting and amusing account of his flight from London, England, to Calcutta, India, in a "Moth" airplane. The speaker said that he took the flight because he wished to prove to himself and to the world that a light-type airplane could be used for long flights. His plane had a wing span of only 26 feet and carried 45 gallons of gasoline, a fact which made it possible for him to fly 900 miles without landing.

The captain explained that the type of flight he made brings to the realization of people the fact that the aerial age is here and that the record of such trips aids manufacturers in making better planes.

THE TALES OF HOFFMAN

On Wednesday evening, November 26, the Opera Comique company presented "The Tales of Hoffman" by Jacques Offenbach. The story of the three unhappy affairs of Hoffman, a poet, forms the three acts of the opera. Hoffman is constantly being warned by his faithful friend Nicklausse, but never heeds him until overwhelmed by disaster. The opera was well produced. Everyone especially enjoyed the trio in act three.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving day! That long anticipated day finally arrived and it certainly was a day to be remembered by all Shimer girls.

The customary celebration really began on Wednesday evening when the girls attended an opera given in the gymnasium. This was followed by the fight for the banner along with great yelling and cheering, which was enough to arouse anyone's school spirit.

At 6:30 the college girls were rudely awakened as the Academy tore down the college banner, gave their yell and ran home with the spoils. This, of course, aroused the ire of the older girls and the attack on the Academy banner was begun with much vim but ended unsuccessfully. The Academy gave their snake dance in the dining room at breakfast and after this there was much yelling and cheering. After leaving the dining room, the banner fight was continued.

The next event in order was the hockey game, which took place at 9 o'clock. The College team came out, headed by Captain Manning, and formed a large "C." The Academy girls then rushed out and the game began. The members of both teams showed remarkable ability as players and the sides were fairly well matched. The victory this year went to the Academy by a score of 6 to 2.

At 12 o'clock the girls, all dressed in their best, filed into the chapel where President Wilcox gave his first Thanksgiving address. He began by telling us a few of the many things which we have to be thankful for. He then told of the economic depression all over the world and reminded us that no greater blessing has come to our country this year than this proof that material wealth is transitory. He said that we are to be thankful for the many men and women of ability who are devoting themselves to the service of humanity rather than to the acquiring of money.

Miss Wallace, accompanied by Miss Schuster, sang an appropriate Thanksgiving song and the service was closed by a short prayer.

Thanksgiving dinner, at 1 o'clock, was the most important event of the day. The members of the classes, accompanied by their sponsors, filed into the dining room by twos. The seniors brought up the rear, singing their song to "Nebby." The din-

ing room was artistically decorated by Miss Darrow with candles and flowers. The four-course dinner came to a close with songs and toasts by the various classes. President Wilcox and Mr. Rinehart and S. J. Campbell of the trustees gave short talks at the end of the program.

At 6:30 the freshman class sponsored the Thanksgiving Prom, which was given in college hall. This began with the grand march in which the girls marched down the long stairway. The music for this as well as the dancing which followed was furnished by a Freeport orchestra. The decorations were made up of gayly colored paper, and lounging chairs which were found in the corners. A large fire in the fireplace added greatly to the scene. There were many guests present who shared with the girls this fitting close of an enjoyable day.

The order of toasts and songs was as follows:

1. School song, "We Belong."
2. Graduating classes' songs:
 - (a) Sophs,
 - (b) Seniors.
3. Toasts:
 - (a) To President Wilcox by college freshmen,
 - (b) To Miss Hostetter by academy freshmen,
 - (c) To trustees by academy sophomores.
4. New school song.
5. Class songs:
 - (a) College freshmen,
 - (b) Academy juniors,
 - (c) Academy sophomores,
 - (d) Academy freshmen.
6. Frankie Frosh by college freshmen.
7. Toasts:
 - (a) To juniors by seniors,
 - (b) Response by juniors,
 - (c) To college Frosh by college Sophs,
8. Alma Mater.

THE GILBERT CHESTERTON LECTURE

Gilbert Chesterton is probably best known to most of us for his "The Man That Was Thursday," "In Topsy-Turvy Land," and for his numerous short poems. When Miss Pollard returned from a weekend in Chicago, where she had heard him lecture, she gave a brief chapel talk about this English critic who may rightly be placed among the foremost modern authors of England.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CONFERENCE

Doctor Wilcox, Miss Hostetter, Miss Emerson, Miss Baxter and Miss Pollard drove to Urbana on November 20 to attend the high school conference sponsored by the university. While there they visited President and Mrs. McKee, who have an apartment in Urbana for the winter.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP

President Wilcox attended the Baptist state convention held in Joliet October 23-26. The object he had in mind was to make Frances Shimer better known to the people of the state. He was introduced to the convention and spoke briefly of the school. He had beforehand prepared an interesting exhibit of photographs which was set up in the exhibit room. At the top of the set-up was a poster made by Donna Klewer. It showed two school girls,

the one on the left playing croquet, with the words underneath, "Pioneers, 1853;" the other, on the right, with a bag of golf sticks hanging from her shoulder, with the words beneath, "Still on the Trail, 1930." Excellent as the poster was, the exhibit could have been improved had there been a really live representative Frances Shimer girl there in person.

THE RECORD STAFF MEETS

The Record staff met for the first time this year at an afterdinner coffee held in the Green Curtain club room. President and Mrs. Wilcox were the guests of honor. The faculty advisors were also present. President Wilcox in an informal talk made several suggestions to the staff. In addition to the regular Record, the first issue of which will appear in December, is the plan to publish a bulletin during the winter which will be of especial interest to the alumnae of the school. This year the Record staff will furnish school news for the local newspaper. There is the possibility that a special sheet of Shimer news with feature columns may be printed from time to time. The problem of a school annual also was discussed.

WINIFRED'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Among the birthdays celebrated on the Wednesday following October 6 was that of Winifred Wilcox. She was one year old. The entire Wilcox family had dinner in the students' dining room to celebrate this occasion. A large, beautifully decorated cake, topped by one pink candle, was borne in by the waitress. The girls then joined in singing "Happy Birthday" to the youngest member of our school.

THE MUSIC KINDERGARTEN

The Music Kindergarten recently organized by a group of mothers is making excellent progress. The class meets three half-days per week on the first floor of Hathaway hall. This is a large room, formerly the gymnasium of the school, and is well adapted to the needs of the children. While the equipment, as kindergartens go, is meager, it is rather complete considering the time the kindergarten has been in operation. Miss Edna Smith is the enthusiastic teacher of the group of eight children and has done really excellent work with them. She is loyally supported by the mothers who in the first place agitated for a kindergarten.

A TRIBUTE

"Dr. W. P. McKee is closing his administration of 33 years as president of Frances Shimer School for Girls. What a remarkable period of service that is! In point of years of service, Doctor McKee is by far the senior among all our presidents. He has wrought a great work. Beginning with an academy with little or no equipment, he has built a high-grade junior college for women with an equipment unsurpassed in character and admirably adapted to its purpose, with a competent faculty and a student body that fills the school to capacity. In an achievement of this nature few men are permitted to perform so complete a part. He retires at the regret but with the affection of every friend

of Frances Shimer."—(From a recent report of the board of education of the Northern Baptist Convention.)

PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKEE

After spending a quiet summer at Falmouth Heights on Cape Cod, President and Mrs. McKee drove back to Illinois and have settled for the winter in an apartment in Urbana. They are enjoying many of the good things offered by the university and write of meeting many former F. S. S. girls on the street and at the lectures and recitals. Their address is 603 West Greene street, Urbana.

THE ART COMMISSION

One Wednesday early in November the Art club and the Art commission entertained Dr. and Mrs. Wilcox at dinner in the dining room. Following this, coffee was served to the faculty in the art gallery.

On this occasion we were happy to have with us Mrs. S. J. Campbell and Mrs. John R. Connell of Mt. Carroll, who are members of the Art commission. Dr. J. S. Dickerson is chairman of this organization, Dr. Wilcox and Miss Hostetter represent the faculty and Janet McCurrach and Marguerite Ashdown, the students. A meeting was held after the coffee and plans were discussed for the coming year.

THE SHIMER OF THE SIXTIES

At one of the Saturday chapel services in November the students and faculty had the pleasure of an address by the Rev. Albert Shrader of Kansas City, who had been a student of Frances Shimer 60 years ago when the school still was co-educational. The Reverend Shrader told many incidents of the early days. We learned, for instance, that the boys of the school had to carry wood to each floor of the girls' dormitory, for in that day each student's room had a stove and part of the day's routine in winter was to keep a fire burning.

VESPERS

September 14.—The year of Vesper services was opened by President Wilcox. The main theme of the evening was the greatness of the wishing power in the world, and the way to acquire something which one desires. Our desires run in two directions, the desire to have more and the desire to be more. The former usually leads to disastrous ends but the latter may lead to great happiness. The person we wish to become is our ideal, toward which we must shape our lives. In order to do this we must make the most of what we have and are. We must believe in our own capacities; and we must believe in human capacity. Then, unlock the door, unfold, "ask in order that you may receive."

September 21.—We again listened to an instructive talk by our president; this time on the subject of Adventure. Great achievements always contain one of two elements, either daring and adventure or reliance upon experience. There have been many illustrations of the first. "Abraham went not knowing whither he went." Columbus was led on by desire to become acquainted with the unknown.

Thomas Jefferson in writing the Constitution had zeal for the untried. Byrd ventured into the unknown, but used the truth of experience. Herein lies the secret to success. The youth of today should use knowledge based on the past, along with daring and adventure. Joy, happiness and success will be the result of a life of adventure combined with experience.

* * *

September 28.—Tonight President Wilcox talked on values. He explained that many material objects are valuable because of their association with certain places or people. For instance, there is a certain Roman coin which is of great value because it may have been the one which Jesus held when He said, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." In conclusion, President Wilcox urged each student to form so close an association with Jesus Christ that her life may have value because of His influence. The stamp of Jesus upon human character makes priceless the life that presents His image.

* * *

October 5.—Miss Margaret Allen, President of the Y. W. C. A., and the members of her cabinet took charge of Vespers. They explained to the audience the purpose of the organization and gave an outline of the year's work. Following this, Miss Pollard, who is director of the Y. W., stated the purpose of the organization in the life of the school and urged the loyal support of every girl.

* * *

October 12.—Professor B. G. Nelson of the University of Chicago read "A Servant in the House" by Kennedy. Many of the old girls had had the opportunity of hearing Professor Nelson read before and were delighted to welcome him back. The play, which has been very popular, is not only entertaining but instructive. Professor Nelson has a decidedly pleasing voice and is a master of interpretation. The evening was thoroughly worthwhile for everyone.

* * *

October 19.—The Frances Shimer girls of former years enjoyed hearing President McKee read Riley's poems as a Vesper service at some time during the year. Miss Emerson, who is the only faculty member from Indiana, desires to keep alive the Riley tradition. On Sunday evening, October 19, she read selections from the Hoosier poet. The girls particularly enjoyed "Home Folks," "My Darlin'," "Day Is Over," "Town and Country," and "Old October."

* * *

October 26.—This vesper service was of especial interest to all of us. Miss Evelyn Wood, who is the executive secretary of the Central Council for Nursing Education of Chicago, spoke on nursing as a profession. Miss Wood brought slides illustrating various phases in the training of a girl for this noble work. The talk was most enjoyable to everyone and especially to those who are interested in nursing as a profession.

* * *

November 2.—A very enjoyable meeting was held in the West Hall lounge. Miss Margaret Allen, President of the Y. W. C. A. led a discussion on Success. The girls expressed their ideas freely and, although no decisions were reached, much thought

was provoked by the discussion. President Wilcox gave a short talk on successful friends and room-mates. Following this, an appetizing lunch was served in the lounge.

* * *

November 9.—Pres. Wilcox talked on "Exceeding Our Contemporary Conscience." First, we learned that conscience is contemporary. The conscience of the South for slavery changed, and the conscience of the Chinese in regard to binding little girl's feet changed. Each group has its own conscience, and those who do not practice according to the conscience of the group lose caste. This respectability has a social value. Group life is successful and possible only when people conform, and conformity has secured for us those forward steps which we have won, such as breaking away from slavery and footbinding. However, it takes a higher degree of courage to be a nonconformist. For example, it takes courage to be a modernist among fundamentalists. We are narrow in our respectability. The single hope of progress lies in men and women who go beyond respectability, those who dare to step out in advance and not conform.

* * *

November 16.—Dr. M. A. Southwick of the Pathology Department of Chicago University told us about the possibilities for women today in the field of medicine. Women have been in that profession only about eighty-one years and have had a very difficult time to secure recognition. Today, however, women doctors rank just as high as men and many of them are very successful. Dr. Southwick advised the girls who are interested in the medical profession to provide themselves with an abundance of good health and a broad knowledge of science.

THE Y. W. C. A.

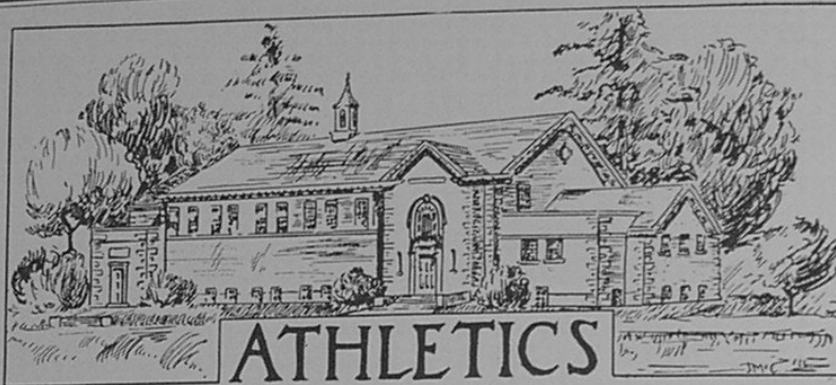
This year the Y. W. C. A. is most fortunate in having Miss Pollard as its faculty adviser. Each cabinet member and committee chairman also has a sponsor and with their aid we have been able to make even our most feeble plans materialize. The cabinet members were elected and installed last year: Margaret Allen, president; Sarah Fisher, vice-president; Lucille Wilburn, secretary; and Lucia Morris, treasurer. At one of our first meetings this year Ann Avery was elected chairman of the World Fellowship committee, Harriet Emerson has charge of the programs given at regular meetings, Helen Telserow takes care of our social service connections, and Wilma Geary arranges the social activities. It is quite natural that many of the girls should think our work is limited to the things we do on campus, but this is not true. In addition to the parties and Vespers which we arrange here we must fulfill our pledges and make arrangements in order to carry out what is expected of an active Y. W. C. A.

—M. A.

THE GARDEN

The moon shone full, and through the trees,
A galleon seemed, on cloudy seas;
A fountain, that glistened in the light,
Tinkled softly in the night.
One who seeks for beauty's grace,
Shall find it in this charming place.

—Frances St. Sure, Academy '31



ATHLETIC NEWS

It has been noticed that this year there has been a greater interest in athletics than formerly. Because of this interest the A. A. expects to award a great many emblems.

After struggling to get up for at least four Monday mornings, about thirty girls were allowed to go on the ten-mile hike to Savannah. They left the campus about one o'clock and took a new route following a dirt road past the creamery. The weather favored the hikers and almost all bore up under the strain. They taxied back and as a fitting climax for a perfect day went to Katy's for a chicken dinner.

* * *

The fall swimming meet which took place November 8 started off with cheers from College and Academy led by bright spots of color hopping around the edge of the pool. The College team led by Captain Klewer entered the pool and formed a big "C" doing the "dead man's float." The Academy team, led by Captain Marie Kruse, then made a speedy entrance swimming four abreast, the length of the pool. The events, in charge of Miss Jaynes, were run off smoothly. Some of the outstanding contestants were Klewer, Swazey and Davidson. An event which added much fun for the spectators and contestants as well was the "night-gown race." This was run off in relay style and the College girls proved that nothing could stop them. Another interesting event was a race between two College and two Academy girls to see who could retrieve the most objects from the bottom of the tank. After staying under about twice as long as the rest, Rabinoff came up with about all the spoons she could hold.

To cap the climax came the big event, the relay. Academy came in first, but by a very small margin. When the points were totaled Academy had won the meet. With more cheers and yells the meet was over and everybody went home looking forward to the next one.

The teams are as follows:

College

Klewer—Captain
Reynolds
Schaeffer
Britton
Alford
Fisher
Randall
Streeter
Johnston
Peterson

Academy

M. Kruse—Captain
Davidson
Swazey
R. Kruse
Jensen
Rabinoff
Shaw
Goldberg
Stanley
Tuttle

Subs.

Richardson
Turnbaugh
Dresser

Subs.

Hull
Pratt
Harrison
Sleight
Marquardt

* * *

It certainly didn't look promising for the hockey game when just two days before Thanksgiving the ground was covered with several inches of snow. Not to be daunted, however bright and early on a cold November morning, the elite of Frances Shimer came with blankets and fur coats to watch "THE" game.

The College team led by Captain Manning was the first to make their appearance and linking sticks formed a big red and white "C" out on the field. The Academy team in brilliant orange and black followed Captain Swazey to the scene of the battle. Miss Jaynes blew the whistle and the game was on. "Ground-sticks-ground-sticks-ground-sticks — play!" And what a clash! Everyone was playing to win. Manning made the first goal for College. But then the tide turned and at the end of the half, Academy had piled up four goals. Swazey was responsible for two of these and R. Kruse and Hollebosch each had one to her credit. At the beginning of the second half College showed a spurt of "pep" and Manning slid another one past the goal keeper. This seemed to make Academy all the more determined and Swazey with a good team back of her scored two more goals. Hollebosch managed to get in another goal and the game ended with a score of seven to two.

LINE-UP

College
McEwen
Wilburn
Manning (Capt.)
Bell
Coleman
Morris
Peterson
Overacker
Fisher
Gordon
Sword

R. W.
R. I.
C. F.
L. I.
L. W.
R. H. B.
C. H. B.
L. H. B.
R. F. B.
L. F. B.
G.

Academy
Pratt
Stanley
Hollebosch
Swazey (Capt.)
R. Kruse
Harrison
M. Kruse
Jensen
Rabinoff
Brown
Allen

Subs.

Le Peller
Basiger

THE SCATTERED FAMILY

Mrs. Flora Keith Newton, '75, of Jerseyville, Ill., died last spring.

Catherine, '27-'28, and Hester McKechnie, '30, are both attending the University of Illinois and living in one of the residence halls. They had a pleasant trip to Europe this summer.

A unique advertisement has been received which will be of interest to those who knew "Felix," '28, at F. S. S. It reads: "Announcing 'Parnassus on Wheels'—that ingenious but heretofore imaginary concept of a book-store is at last become a reality. Any services in the line of books or in the realm of bookdom can be rendered by Madelaine Mendelsohn, 1380 Hyde Park Boulevard, Kenwood 1975." The folder is cleverly illustrated, and includes a reproduction of an autographed letter of greeting "straight from Roger Mifflin's own inkpot."

Miss Jeanne Boyd, '09, of Bush Conservatory of Chicago, was a caller at the school in October. She is planning a trip to Europe in the near future.

Among those attending Moser College in Chicago this fall are Virginia Estep, '30, Eleanor Kramer, '29-'30, Evelyn Kruse, '29-'30, Ruth Anthony, '29-'30, Eleanor Thiede, '26-'27, Mona Larsen, '29, Frances Hollinshead, '30, and Marjorie Hench, '29. Anita Hurley, '30, is at Gregg School.

Helen Reber, '28, Dorothy Murton, '29, and Marjorie Ryder, '30, are attending Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

Ellen Alsbaugh, '29, was at the University of Chicago for the summer quarter, but entered Knox in September where she is a Pi Phi pledge.

Announcements have been received of the marriage at Emmetsburg, Iowa, of Pearl Kulp, Academy '19, College '22, to Mr. John MacDonald of Riverside, Calif. She was a member of the National Collegiate Players and of Wisconsin Players, and organized the **Green Curtain Dramatic Club** at Frances Shimer. Last year she was supervisor of dramatic art at the State Normal School at Cheney, Wash.

Word has been received of the birth of a son on July 15, at Denver, Colo., to Janet Mills Boafrey, '25. The baby is named Richard Evans, the middle name being for the father.

Florence Keiser, '25, writes of a pleasant visit she had this fall with Mrs. Dorvel Roche (Edna Englerth, '24) who now lives in Decatur, Ill. Florence also comments on reading the book "Mother Mason" by Bess Streeter Aldrich, and says Mt. Carroll is mentioned several times in the book.

A daughter, Elizabeth Cornelia Konrad, was born on July 14 to Elizabeth and Carlton Konrad at Oshkosh, Wis. Elizabeth Percy was in school here in 1914-15 with her sister Emma, and is the donor of the cup for excellence in English.

Miriam Boozer, '28, is at Iowa State Teachers' College this year. She spent the summer on the Pacific coast with her mother and her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Emile O. Bloche (Florence Rice, Col. '24) of 10 Pleasant St., Oak Park, announce the birth of a daughter, Nancy Anne, August 31.

Recently a group of Frances Shimer alumnae of Los Angeles and vicinity held a reunion and picnic luncheon at the home of Dr. Annie Marion MacLean, a former teacher of the group now living at 1571 Rose Villa St., Pasadena. As place cards, Miss MacLean presented each guest with an autographed copy of her book, "Cheerio," and the booklet, also written by her, "This Way Lies Happiness." Those present in addition to Miss MacLean and her sister Mildred were Elizabeth Blamer Turney, also of Pasadena; Katherine Mastin Miller, Los Angeles; Louise Baker Ellis, Burbank; Jennie Baty Beck, Los Angeles; Chloe Baker Wilson, Balboa. This is practically the same group that met at Miss MacLean's home in May of last year, an account of the meeting having been given in a subsequent Record. With the addition of Myra Stelle Stamm of Uplands, this group plans frequent reunions in the future. We suggest that they all subscribe to the Record, and by this means get in touch with the many other F. S. graduates now living in California.

Elizabeth Anderson, '29, spent the summer in England, but is now back at Carleton College.

Marion Munro, '28, Delight Tim, '30, and Marian Wentz, '30, are at Grinnell College. Marjorie Hocom, '28-'29, made the girls' glee club there this year, considered a great honor.

Peggy Pullen, '29, has graduated at Moser in Chicago and is now working in an office in the city.

Annette Kirby, '29, is going to the Chicago Art Institute.

Caryl Wilkes, '30, was one of eleven who passed the tests for pledging into Tadpole, the junior swimming honorary society of women at the University of Illinois, in the October tryouts.

Charlotte Moore, '26, served as counselor at Camp Onika, Arden, N. Y., during the summer, and in September began her work as a primary teacher in the public schools in Evanston.

Ruth Havens, '28, is teaching at Cherry Valley, Ill.

Dorothy Patton, '28, returned for the second year as an instructor in the public schools of Pecatonica.

Neva Welch Moody resides in Kansas City, Mo., where her husband is an instructor in the schools.

Esther Clark, '15, a graduate student in the University of Chicago, was one of five to be elected to membership in Pi Lambda Theta, national honorary society for women in graduate schools.

Mildred Davis, '28, Miranda Ramsey Legal, '28, Helen Kearnaghan, '30, Dorothy Metz, '24, Mildred Sweitzer, '30, Marjorie Phillips, '29, are all teaching in the rural schools of Carroll County.

Margaret Eastabrooks Turrell, '22, is living in Sorento, Ill., where her husband is teaching in the public schools.

Dorothy Runkle, '26, was graduated in June from Northwestern University.

Stella Durant Kucherman, '23, has been for several years a successful teacher in the public schools of Galena, Ill.

Babette Lemon, '28, completed her work at the University of Chicago in June and is teaching in a junior high school near her home in Blue Island.

Ruth Earhart Couch, '10-'11, and her husband of Omaha visited friends at the school in June, enroute east.

Mary Evelyn Webb, '30, served as a counselor in Camp Glenloch for Girls at Pentwater, Mich., during the summer. Mary Callahan, '29, was an assistant in swimming and music for the second year in the same camp.

Esther Merchant, '26, sailed on the "Aquitania" from New York on September 10. Her destination is Beirut, Syria, where she will teach in the elementary school maintained for the children of members of the faculty of the American University there.

Mary Payne began her eighteenth year as instructor in mathematics in the Oak Park-River Forest High School, with the opening of the school in September. She was formerly an instructor at F. S. S.

Dorothy Johnson, '29, is teaching in the public schools of Prophetstown, and Dorothy Phillips, '25, in Chadwick, and Dorothy Mershon, '27, has returned to Fairdale for another year.

Vernette White, '28, graduated in Music at the University of Illinois in June and is teaching public school music at Watseka, Ill. Six of her pupils were entered in the all-state high school chorus at Urbana in November.

Lucille Smith, '27, after three years of successful teaching in the rural schools of Carroll County, has begun her work in the public schools of Warren for the coming year.

The Record extends sympathy to Virginia Carr Borland, Col. 1919-'20, who was called to this country in July from her home in Cairo, Egypt, by the illness and death of her mother. Following their departure from America, Mr. and Mrs. Borland spent some time travelling in England and Scotland before returning to Egypt where Mr. Borland has charge of the interests of the Dutch Shell Oil Company, for Egypt and Abyssinia.

Lulu Rock Richardson, '90-'93, under date of June 15, 1930, writes from the American Baptist Mission in Insein, Burma, as follows: "Will you please mail me a catalog of the school, especially one with pictures showing the new buildings and grounds. I confess I have no daughter left whom I may send, but being an old student of the 'gay nineties' I yearn for a glimpse of the pines, and something of the present-day buildings." Mrs. Richardson and her husband, Rev. J. C. Richardson, have worked in Burma for many years.

One of the scenes included in Frances Shimer Sesquicentennial pageant in 1928 was the farewell to the group of Seminary boys who volunteered for service in the Civil War. Mr. M. T. Grattan, who was a student in the co-educational days of the school, writes that he is now the only surviving member of that company. He is the proud possessor of medal No. 1493 awarded for bravery. He also states that Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" in the flesh was his shipmate on the Ouichita. The Record extends congratulations to Mr. Grattan on his long, useful life.

Marjorie Thompson Bragg, Col. '23, and her husband spent part of the summer in England. She is now assistant director of the Abraham Lincoln Center, in Chicago, while her husband is general secretary of the Unitarian churches of the Middle West.

Miss Frances Gorsline, '21-'22, is now staff artist for the American Medical Association publications, devoting most of her time to the magazine "Hygeia," one of the national publications of the Association. She has her studio in Chicago. She was a former Art student at F. S. S. and since then has graduated from the University of Michigan and later from the Art Institute of Chicago.

Mrs. Hiram Smith (Agnes Prentice, '14) was recently elected chairman of the Hyde Park Young Women's Christian Association Center.

Mary A. Nourse, '99, has returned from China where she lived many years, and is now living at 4115 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D. C.

Ione Anderson, '29, is now attending college at Eugene, Ore., where the husband of her sister Margaret, '24, is professor of mathematics.

Ruth King, '22, is clerking in New York City at Wanamaker's, and running a shop in Greenwich Village.

Virginia Harrington, '24, has been teaching physical education in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Perkins (Mildred Augustine, '26) announce the birth of a daughter on July 17, at South Bend, Ind.

Mildred Williams, '29, after spending a year in California and attending the University of California, has entered the University of Wisconsin this year, and is majoring in English. Muriel Preble, '25, is also majoring in English at Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McLeod (Helen Moore, '16) announce the birth of a son, William, Jr., on July 28. They are now living in Dixon.

Among recent callers at the school are Marie Berlin, '12, who is at home at 240 Vine Ave., Highland Park, and Mrs. A. P. Barker of 443 5th Ave., Clinton, Ia. Mrs. Barker, as Joanna Dannath, was a student at the Seminary fifty years ago.

Her many friends will be grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. Ilo Cook (Mabelle Cubbon, Col. '22) at her home in Elizabeth, Ill., on November 19, after a very brief illness.

In recent issues of the **Mirror-Democrat** have been appearing reminiscences of the early days of Mt. Carroll. The following, written by Samuel J. Preston, of Preston Prairie, will be of special interest to Frances Shimer students:

I recall that I was present at the first meeting of the citizens to consider the feasibility of establishing a Seminary in Mt. Carroll. The speeches were earnest and enthusiastic. The one made by Lawyer William T. Miller particularly impressed me. Among other things he said: "You may build a railroad into Mt. Carroll from every point of the compass and all of them will not substantially and permanently benefit the town as will the successful establishment and prosperous continuance of the proposed Seminary."

The enterprise "made haste slowly" at first, but at length it was fairly launched with Misses Wood and Gregory at the head of it—Frances A. Wood and Cinderella M. Gregory.

I attended the fall term of the Seminary in 1855 as did also my oldest sister, Angele—boys not then being excluded from its privileges. But I do not think there were more than a dozen of the latter in the school at that time. There were certainly sixty or seventy girls. Among the young men were William T. and Roscoe Frohock, Charles Worthington, two Colehours, and, I think, two Rapps, all having their homes in Mt. Carroll. I will not attempt to designate the young ladies in attendance, there being so many of them.

I am sure that I never knew two ladies so admirably equipped for their work as were Misses Wood and Gregory. Miss Wood, who afterwards married Prof. Henry Shimer, possessed administrative ability of the highest orders. About 1878-79 the printing office with which I was connected in Boone, Ia., issued "The Oread" for her for two years and my relations with her were always agreeable and satisfactory. Indeed they were such that I have always had ever since the deepest respect for her wonderful executive capacity while I have held in no lesser degree the warmest regard for her as a woman and friend. I believe she possessed ability enough had opportunity been given her, to properly manage a railroad or any great mercantile or manufacturing interest which is popularly supposed to be entrusted to men only.

MARRIAGES

Anita Elizabeth Ely, '27, to Mr. Clarke John Robertson, on August 2, 1930, at La Grange, Ill.

Gertrude Sara Murdough, '21, to Mr. Russell Albert Hadley, August 27, at Hamlin Lake, Ludington, Mich.

Katherine Wasson, '28, to William F. Soule, on October 4, at the Central Congregational Church at Galesburg. Constance Hamilton, '28, and Elizabeth Lourie, '28, were in the bridal party.

Bernice Williams, '25, to Stuart Porter, on October 25, at La Grange. At home, the Parkstone, 1415 Parker Ave., Detroit.

Janice Coshun, '26, on October 1, at Trinity Parish Church, Seattle, Wash., to G. Stanley Hinckel.

Mary Plum, '26-'27, to Doctor Elmer Henry

Littig, Lieutenant United States Army, on Monday, June 16, at Iowa City.

Faith Riechelt, '21, to Mr. Harold Smith, on November 29, at Wilmette, Ill. At home, St. Paul, Minn.

SINCE THEN

Since the bond was broken
It has seemed
I have never spoken,
Only dreamed.
You came along
And made me see
That life with you would be a song
Throughout eternity.

—Marjorie Manning, College '31

* * *

THE TAMARACKS

I could lean against your trunk,
O mighty tamarack,
And let the little ants
Run up and down my back.
I could sit beside you all day long
And hear your rustling branches
Sing a restful song.
I'd forget I'm here to study
Or anyone's around—
It's just great to sit
Here upon the ground!

—Marjorie Manning, College '31

* * *

A FOUNTAIN

The drops that from the fountain fell,
Glittered and tinkled in the pool;
Dropping, they cast a magic spell,
Then sank into the water cool.

So is our life from day to day;
Its shining moments hurrying past,
As joy and sorrow slip away,
Into the pool of life at last.

—Frances St. Sure, Academy '31

* * *

NOVEMBER

Grey shafts
touching amber leaves
with noiseless affection.
Cool mists blown
against hot faces
drawn with
constant care.
Colored shields hiding
ugly boughs,
scarred by the
wounds of
centuries.

—M. S. Allen, Academy '31

* * *

ON RETURNING

It does not seem so long ago
That I was here before,
When I was standing in the snow
And knocking at her door;
Yet many, many years have passed,
Since I was in this place;
But now, having come at last,
Dare I meet her face to face?

—Frances St. Sure, Academy '31

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